The World.

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A COLOSSAL BUNGLER.

The intimate knowledge of the domestic lives of many people which the divorce courts supply is fittingly supplemented by the active participation of government in business affairs. Marital infelicity goes to court for the adjustment of the simplest disagreements, and sometimes even dignified magistrates are moved to laughter over the disclosures made before them. On the other hand, the promotion and regulation of business appears to be the chief end of government, and necessarily so, perhaps, since business set the ball rolling by going into partnership with government.

In an earlier and simpler day it was truly said that the world is too much governed, but what would the author of that sentiment have said of existing conditions, under which men and women go to court with all the petty details of their matrimonial jars and few men engage in important enterprises without painstaking study of the laws in force or an attempt on their part to secure new ones that will favor their undertakings? In the privacy of the home and in the publicity of the market place government is at our elbows at nearly all hours unless we chance to be numbered among the relatively few who ask nothing of the law except protection from the wrongdoing of others.

Government can do a few things well, but it does many things ill. If government had not undertaken to settle all the family rows in court there would not have been so many of them to adjust. If government had not undertaken to promote business by enacting laws in the interest of favored classes it would not now have so many monopolistic combinations to regulate. When government goes out of its proper sphere it is a colossal bungler, piling error upon error and rarely if ever retracing its steps.

SHOWMEN IN POLITICS.

The object lesson in political and social agitation is not new, and the exhibits of the New York Taxpayers' Conference and the Bureau of Municipal Research are all the more valuable on that account. Their forerunners in this line were highly effective. In the early American temperance movements it was thought necessary that every exhorter should be able to show a "frightful example" of the degradation caused by rum. In the war meetings of 1864 fearfully emaciated soldiers who had escaped from Southern prison pens had places on the stage, and in the Presidential campaign of 1892 many Democratic stump speakers carried gripsacks full of tariff-taxed articles which were displayed as illustrations of the oppressions of protection.

New York's object lessons cover, in the main, extravagance and dishonesty in the purchase of municipal supplies. In time they may be extended to fields even more important, and with the aid of the costumer's art and such stage accessories as may easily be utilized there seems to be no reason why the whole story of official delinquency cannot be told so that he who runs may read.

That the people are fond of shows is proved by the multitudes which throng all entertainments, from the crudest to the best. As there is complaint that less and less attention is paid to the old devices for awakening political enthusiasm, it may be that we are coming upon an era when political, social and economic issues will be fought out in snow rooms, without words, music or noise. Under such circumstances a campaign tour would resemble the movements of a great moral menagerie and circus, and the natural born showman, who is not unknown in our politics even now, would necessarily go to the front very rapidly.

ONE PUBLISHER'S SURE THING.

Finding it impossible to make all the speeches that are required of him and to answer all the letters on important subjects that he receives, Senator La Follette announces that he will publish a weekly newspaper, "support of which is already assured." In other words, the new publication has come to stay, as has been said on so many occasions before this. Nevertheless, the statement that the Senatorial editor and publisher is "sure of support" in his enterprise will suggest many an inquiry as to the personality of the angel and the nature of the guarantee. In this as in some other matters, there should be the fullest publicity both before and after publication.

IT CAME TOO LATE.

Addressing the Deep Waterway Convention, Theodore P. Shonts, of New York, made a protest against the regulation of transportation lines by commission which was a sheer waste of time and breath. The men whose motto is "Fourteen feet through the valley" would just as soon "dig her deep" through a railroad company as through a mud bank. Mr. Shonts finds little sympathy at home, but he ought not to recite his tale of woe in the presence of strangers who are bound to laugh at him. It is a fact, however, that if the system of which Mr. Shonts is now the head had encountered a lusty commission earlier in its career it would be in better condition now.

Letters From the People.

Apply to Supreme Court.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where could I apply to change or shorten my name, the present one being too long? F. M. G.

Pensions for the Blind.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find details of the pensions for the blind in this city, time of payment, &c.? S. W.

Apply to Charities Organization Society, Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, for information.

An Erie Problem.

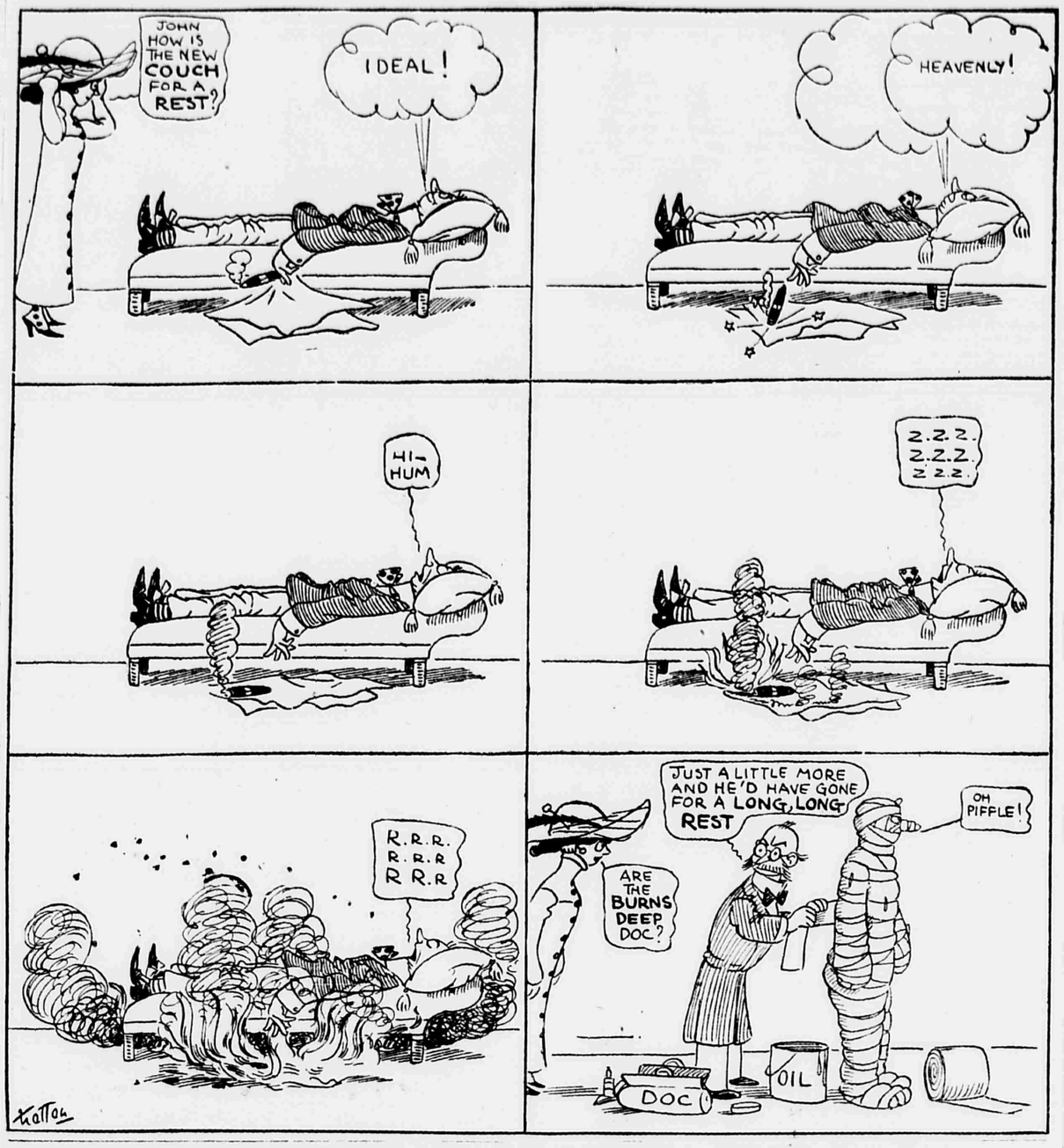
To the Editor of The Evening World:

On the Greenwood Lake branch of the Erie, ten years and more ago, a certain express train (1 P. M. from Chambers street), travelled to its destination in sixty-three minutes. Later, the time was stretched to eighty minutes. The September time table of this year increased the time to eighty-seven minutes. Now, everywhere else on earth, I suppose, rapid transit has boomed in the past decade. It remains for Erie express trains to go slower each year. When people kick or scoff the protests or sorry jokes are put into the Erie time tables, which adds insult to injury by showing, presumably, that the road doesn't care what is said by its victims. What commuter or New Yorker can solve this problem of a train's losing twenty-four minutes on its schedule in ten years? In a century longer at that rate the running time for that train will be five hours twenty-seven minutes. Hurrah for the Erie! Soulless and dreary! Passengers weary! Optimists leary! Take a brave Erie!

COMMUTER'S WIFE.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mrs. Jarr Meets Her Old Gir hood Friend, Mrs. What's-Her-Name; You Know---The One Who Married a Man Because He Asked Her To

By Roy L. McCardell.


BY L. M. CARDELL

"I SAW Mrs. What's-Her-Name to-day. She's gotten awfully stout," said Mrs. Jarr, as she came in with three or four small bundles in her hands.

"The information is decidedly interesting," said Mr. Jarr. "I hope you conveyed my condolence to the lady. She was always an especial favorite with me."

"Too many ladies are especial favorites with you!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I'm willing to wager you don't know who I'm talking about!"

"Indeed I do!" said Mr. Jarr. "Mrs. What's-Her-Name! We met her at Where-It-Is? on the Umptieth of last September, she was in company with Mrs. You-Know-Who-I-Mean, and wore a very light, dark colored thing-a-ma-bob trimmed with that fluffy stuff."

"Oh, you think you're smart!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You know who I mean, the girl that used to talk so much and went crazy over every fellow she saw. I do hope she's settled down since she married. Oh, you know who she's married, too! The young fellow that was so jealous of her whenever anybody sent her flowers and candy, and so she used to go to the stores and order candy and flowers home, and pretend they were sent by other young men to her. He was the one I was telling you about that was so stingy, never took her to the theatres, but always wanted her to go to church with him Sunday nights because it didn't cost anything."

"Those are all very endearing characteristics, but they do not identify the swain with me," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, you do know who I mean!" said Mrs. Jarr in exasperation. "Her name escapes me just now, but you know the girl that was always asking me for advice and would never follow it when I gave it to her? Oh, yes, I remember now! Strange that I should forget her name! Clara Mudridge, you know, who married young Mr. Gilker, in the insurance business?"

"How is Gilk?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She don't know what to make of him. He isn't the least bit jealous any more, she was telling me," said Mrs. Jarr, "and he won't do anything she says, but before they were married she could twist him around her little finger, all except taking her to the theatre. Poor Clara says she wishes some of her old beaux would call on her now, just to see if it wouldn't stir him up a bit. But I just said to her, 'Don't come to me with your troubles, I told you you wouldn't be happy with that man, and you a girl that had so many young men calling to see you!'"

"What did she marry the insurance party for, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, he ASKED her," said Mrs. Jarr. "The others were all right, some of them were just lovely to her, and I will say that they all sent her congratulations and very handsome presents."

"So, as between the ones a girl likes best, that do not toe the matrimonial scratch, and the one shedoesn't care for that does, the selling plater gets the girl?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Not exactly that," said Mrs. Jarr, in a hesitating manner, "but why should a girl waste the best years of her life, until she's on the shelf, with young men whose intentions are not serious?"

"Oh, I see!" said Mr. Jarr. "And what is the cause of her grief, now that she has the man that meant business?"

"Oh, everything," replied Mrs. Jarr. "What isn't it that a man won't do to blight a woman's life?"

"Gilker is a blighter, then?" queried Mr. Jarr.

"It's his family put him up to it," said Mrs. Jarr. "He's just as fond of his sisters and mother as he ever was. Poor Clara says he's always talking about them and they insist on coming to the house, and pretend they are fond of her. She wants to move away from Brooklyn to get rid of them."

"And what else?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"He won't give up his bowling club, either," said Mrs. Jarr. "And he goes to stag parties and wants to have his friends come to the house and play cards every Saturday evening."

"And she won't stand for the family and the old friends thing?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Who would? What does a man care for you if he won't give up EVERYBODY for you when he marries you?' replied Mrs. Jarr.

"But you let me associate with Jenkins and Raggie and a few other familiars," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh," said Mrs. Jarr, "they are people we met AFTER we were married!"

The Ambitions of Sonny and Sue -:- By Albert Carmichael

Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 47.—THOMAS CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH.

"IT is a good thing Carlyle and Jane Welsh married each other," said Tennyson, once. "For if each of them had married some one else there would have been four unhappy people instead of two."

This remark sums up, in few words, the queer romance of a boorish, cranky, brutal genius and a nervous, delicate, ill-tempered woman. Quarrelsome and miserable as was the couple's married life, their story is well worth the telling.

Thomas Carlyle, one of Europe's foremost historians, essayists and men of genius, was the son of a poor Scotch stonemason. Thomas's oddities led his schoolfellows to tease and bully him. This and later troubles soured a nature that had never been very sweet. After struggling along for some time as a school teacher, in utter poverty, Carlyle began by degrees to win fame and a living by literature. His "French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus" and other works became models of their sort, and will always live as such, reflecting at the same time their author's crabbedness and his distorted views of life. It was in the early flush of his fame that he began what was known as a "literary correspondence" with Jane Baillie Welsh, an intellectual woman, who for years would not allow the correspondence to take a more intimate personal tone.

Miss Welsh was not Carlyle's first love; nor was he hers. While he was teaching school in Scotland he fell in love with one Margaret Gordon—"fair complexioned, softly elegant, grave, witty and comely." The girl's aunt refused to let her listen to the suit of the uncouth, penniless schoolmaster, and the affair came to a sudden end. Carlyle later portrayed Margaret's alleged fickleness in "Sartor Resartus." Jane Welsh had been in love with her tutor, Edward Irving, a noted clergyman. He married another woman, and Carlyle took his place as Miss Welsh's tutor. When the Scotchman proposed to her she wrote:

Neither Married First Love.

"I love you. * * * Were you my brother I should love you the same. * * * But your wife? Never!"

Carlyle, in anger, wrote to a friend: "These women of genius are the very devil!" Nevertheless, three years later, in 1826, the two were married. Carlyle was thirty-two, his wife twenty-five. As the time for the wedding drew near, each confessed to the other a deadly fear of being married; and each tried to keep up the other's courage. Miss Welsh spoke of the preparations for the ceremony as "horrid circumstances." Carlyle, in turn, asked her to make their wedding trip less disagreeable for him by allowing him to "smoke three cigars, as occasion serves, without criticism," and begged that his brother might go with them on the honeymoon. Nor was their dread of married life unfounded. From the very start they were ill-mated. Mrs. Carlyle wrote at one time: "Let no woman who values peace of soul ever dream of marrying an author!"

She had wretchedly bad nerves. So had he. Her temper was doubtful. Of his there could, unfortunately, be no doubt. She was sensitive and high-strung. He was coarse and inconsiderate. Neither seems to have taken the pains to sacrifice personal whims and unpleasant traits for the sake of the other. Neither should ever have married. Yet, strange to say, both were really in love. They quarrelled frequently and furiously. After the first of these quarrels (the morning after the wedding) Mrs. Carlyle had a long fit of hysterical weeping, while Carlyle worked off his rage by rushing in the garden and tearing up the prettiest flower beds.

Once Mrs. Carlyle tried to sew in the same room where her husband was writing. He growled that her needle made too much noise and disturbed his thoughts. She stopped sewing and sat still. Soon he roared: "Jane, I can hear you breathing!" As breath was not easy to suppress she had to give up staying in his study. Carlyle hated to shave. So he raised a beard. His wife told an acquaintance that the time he formerly spent in shaving he later occupied by complaining of the world in general. At one time Mrs. Carlyle had a headache. Carlyle, being busy, forgot to ask how she felt; so she reminded him of her presence by throwing a teacup at his head. She was also absurdly jealous of his innocent admiration for clever Lady Ashburton; and this jealousy almost caused a total separation.

Jealousy and Endless Quarrels.

Yet there are letters that show how tender and affectionate each could sometimes be and how devoted they secretly were to one another.

Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in 1865, while driving in Hyde Park, London. Carlyle's grief was crushing. He wrote wildly sorrowing letters to his friends and filled the air with loud, despairing lamentations. His anguish was heightened by reading in his wife's diary after her death a series of bitter complaints against himself and an account of her sufferings at his hands. The dead woman thus had the "last word" in the twenty-year quarrel which had comprised the Carlyles's married life.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to the Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

Translated by Helen Rowland.


HELEN ROWLAND.

VERILY, verily, the conscience of a man is a marvelous thing! It worketh like a patent door-spring—both ways. It stretcheth like a rubber band. It is strangely accommodating, for it interfereth not with his amusements, yet it cometh to his aid in times of great need.

It sleepeth at night like a well-trained dog and awaketh only in the morning when the headache cometh on apace—even when he hath kissed the girl and the bottle is empty.

He forgetteth it while the chase is on; but when the game is over and thou hast become an easy thing: "Lo!" he exclaimeth in deep humiliation, "why shouldst I take up thy time when thou mightest have met a MARRYING MAN? Verily, it is dishonorable, for I cannot support a wife. I will go my ways, but I will remember thee always." And peradventure he may remember thee for seven times seven days.

For a man that recovereth from a grand passion and a man that recovereth from a grand spree are alike. The headache passeth, likewise the remorse.

But a woman is like unto a cocktail; she is never the last! Of love affairs an of drinks a man saith unto his dying day: "Just this one more!"

And the woman who saith "I told you so!" is as ice that trickleth down the back or a collar button that proddeth the jugular vein.

But she who bringeth him the ice-water and the bromo seltzer; who sugareth his coffee and smootheth his pillow; who getteth him into his clothes and painteth his eye to make it white again, and yet keepeth SILENCE the while, she shall have her reward.

For her silence will affright him and he will worry a whole day, not knowing what she is going to do. And in the evening thereof he will come home early bearing fine jewels and a check for a new hat. For a silent woman shameth a man and keepeth him guessing. Alas! he hath nothing to "forgive" her and he cannot say unto her "Thou drovest me to do this thing!" Selah!

From New York to Buenos Ayres.

THE Pan-American route from New York to Buenos Ayres is 10,400 miles. From New York to the southern border of Mexico is 3,700 miles, and these points are now connected by rail. From the southern border of Mexico to Buenos Ayres is 6,630 miles, and of this distance 2,500 miles is of railways over which trains are running, while there is an additional 400 miles under actual contract construction. This leaves a little more than 3,600 miles for the future.

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

A New Branch.

TRAMP—I'm looking for a job at me trade, mum.

Housekeeper—Well, what is your trade?

Tramp—Dentistry, mum. Me speciality is insertin' teeth in mince pies.—Boston Transcript.

He Misunderstood.

"THE simplest proposition," said Senator Beveridge in a recent address, "must be set out with the utmost care in the wording, or misunderstanding, dissent, even anger, may result.

"When as a train was moving forth from a Cincinnati station, a man stuck his head far out of the window.

"'Keep your head in there,' a station attendant shouted in warning, 'or it will be knocked off.'

"'Knocked off!' shouted the passenger, 'Knocked off, eh? Well, it won't be knocked off by anybody the size of you, you bandy-legged shrimp!'"

Hampered by Monopoly.

ARCHIMEDES had just proclaimed that if he had a lever long enough and a fulcrum on which to rest it he could move the world.

"But what's the use of thinking about it," he said, "so long as the Big Stick is in the keeping of T. Roosevelt?"

Thereupon he spoke a short and ugly word.—Chicago Tribune.